

I have nobody around for whom I'm responsible or whom I want part to be with, but everywhere I turn, faces are friendly and conversation pleasant. Almost everyone is "on her own" - the whole crowd is made up of people going over to try to help; the only exceptions are a few French families, and the result is a community of interest that makes it like a rather large fraternity party rather than a lot of separate individuals.

We Y.M.'s have not travelled as a unit so far. We sit where we choose at tables etc, but you feel, just the same, that you are a part instead of a lonely whole.

Miss Lury, Miss Butterfield, Miss Cleveland and I played the conversation game in French this morning, and got hysterical over it. Miss D is French and Miss B speaks nearly as well so when they tried it they both ran away with the bit in their teeth and both talked at once as fast as they could. Miss U and I just gasped.

I was talking to Mrs Southern (one of my room mates) this afternoon and the conversation came around to something that reminded me of the lila. I asked if she knew it - she didn't - I said it was the only book besides the Oxford Book that I had brought out our volumes - identical, except that hers is Edwin Arnold's translation and mine Johnson's. Wasn't that funny. She is younger than I, I think, and has lost both her husband and brother in the war. She talked a little about it - not much, just enough to make me take my hat off. The other one, Mrs. Stewart, has a husband who is in it now. She's a Canadian so got her passport.

So far we are conveyed. There must be a large convoy behind us - all those troop ships we left sheering at the pier - but we've sighted only one ship all day and that was going home. Interesting personalities keep turning up. I sat next a Miss Robinson today who turns out to be a writer who is going over to write up the Y.M. She is a great admirer of Vachel Lindsay and this afternoon spouted reams of original verse in his style. Good words and plenty of color but little originality or depth.

Another writer - a newspaper reporter hung over the rail with me, watching the sunset and criticizing sentence structure. She said she'd had only one good teacher in her life and had seen or heard of very few. I longed to take her to the Beverly. The boat is loaded with teachers. All sorts of unexpected people turn out to be teachers. Pretty good stuff too, I should think.

Friday - Wild excitement on deck tonight because of a curious light on the horizon. As we passed it looked like a ship lit up along one deck by a brilliant green light with one red lamp in the middle. Why green? and why lit up at all? I dashed up to the top deck to see if our port and starboard lights